

A Monumentall  
PYRAMIDE  
TO ALL POSTERITIES:

Erected to the euer-living  
memory, and perpetuall Honour of the Ail-  
vertuous and Euer-glorious Prince, LODOVVICK, late  
Duke of *Richmond and Lenox*: Earle of *Newcastle*, and  
*Darnley*, &c. Lord of *Torbolton* and *Metbuen*, Baron of  
*Settrington*, &c. Knight of the Noble order of the Garter.  
Lord high Admirall and great Chamberlaine of *Scotland*;  
Lord high Steward to the Kings most excellent  
Majesties most Honourable Household: Gentle-  
man of his Bed-Chamber: and one of his  
Majesties most Honourable Priuie  
Councell for England  
and *Scotland*, &c.

Who departed this transitory life at his Cham-  
ber in *White-Hall*, on Monday, being the sixteenth day of  
February, 1624. betwixt sixe and seauen of the  
clocke in the morning, to the great griefe  
of many thousand people of  
sundry Nations.

*By Ab. Darci*

AT LONDON

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TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE  
ESME, Duke of Lenox &c. Earle of MARCH  
and DARNLEY &c. Lord of AVBIGNY, Terboten  
And Methuen, Baron of Settrington &c.  
And to the learned Princesse KATHERINE  
his Gracious DVCHESSE



Not to draw any more teares from your  
eyes doe I publish vnder your Graces  
Protection, this *FVNERAL*  
*ELEGIE*. I could not haue thought  
it worthy your view, but that it aymes at the conser-  
uation of the glorious fame of that lamented Duke  
your noble Brother, which is to you most deare. I  
know none can set truly forth his diuine Vertues,  
for his praise is a high-going Sea, that wants both  
shore and bottome: I doe onely shew my dutie in my  
broken English, both to awaken and incourage Great  
Britaines Poets, who were stricke into a Lethargy  
by this Princes sudden ascension to Heauen, to la-  
ment (in singing his due praise) their irreparable  
losse, untill I can honor France (desolate for his  
death) with the bright Patterne of his matchlesse  
life, more fully in my natieue Language.

Your Graces deuoted, A. Daryie.

VIRTVS  
FVNERA



POST  
VIVIT.

SKIE I

II

AZVRE  
ABOVE  
This PRINCE  
IS SVRE

III

TO LIVE BLEST  
AND SECVRE,  
A BLISSE FARR  
BETTER AND  
EVER GREATER

IIII

With SAINTS in Peace  
To Live with CHRIST,  
That HIM Did Giue  
HEAV'N For his REST  
Neare to GODS BREST.

V

AT THAT MOVENEVLL DAY  
His ALMES Made Him Way.

VI

Hope made him aspire hie,  
Faith gaue him wings to flie:  
This had, this rare Prince past  
To Heau'n with speedy hast,  
For eache Celestiall STARR  
His Soule Surmounted FARR.  
In Steade of Earthly CARE  
HEAVNS-IOYES bestowed are.

VII

Then, like HIM, let vs expire,  
With bolde HEROIQUE Desire.

# TO THE GRATIOVS

Princesse, *Frances*, Duchesse Dowager of  
*Richmond* and *Lenox*, &c.

MADAME:



Presume to offer this Funerall Elegie at the Shrine of your Graces Goodnes, wishing with my soule, I had not this mournfull occasion, once more to dedicate my poore Labors to your Noble Patronage: But as your Grace did entirely honor and loue this Noble Prince your most louing husband in his life time, so after his lamented decease, I know that your GRACE cannot but view and cherish this MONVMENTAL PYRAMIDE Erected to his euer-liuing Fame and immortall Memory. It is (Gratious Duchesse) the Sacrifice of my last dutie to that blest Duke (now with God) which I pray your Grace to accept

From him, who wisheth consolation to your sorrowes,  
and comfort in all your afflictions, *Ab. Darcie.*





TO THE NOBLE FRIENDS  
of that lamented Prince the deceased  
*Duke of Richmond and Lenox.*



He friendliest office vsed to the dead,  
Is their illustrious Vertues for to spread :  
That though their MORTAL Parts interred lie  
Their MEMORIES may last Eternally.  
And to discharge my farr obliged Brest  
These saddest FVNERALL LINES I haue addrest  
Which as I hope shall due Acceptance finde  
With those who keepe his VERTVES  
in their minde.

To shew my small skill in Poctique vaine,  
I haue not vnderooke this willing paine,  
But to make knowne the gratitude I owe  
For Courtesies which vnderferu'd did flow  
From his full-handed Bounty, vnto mee

WHO RAIS'D THIS COLUMNE TO HIS MEMORY.  
And if (Great Lords) this Muse may but obtaine,  
Your gratiou eye, my labor is not vaine.



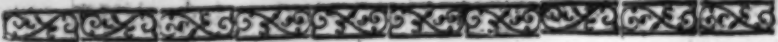
A Monumentall  
**PYRAMIDE**  
TO ALL POSTERITIES:

Erected to the euer-living memory, and perpetuall Honor of the All-vertuous and Euer-glorious Prince, *Lodowick*, late Duke of Richmond and Lenox,

**R**ISE MOVRNEFVLL MVSE  
MELPOMENE, Relate  
The wofull Story  
of a sudden Fate,

*Which on a great and Noble DVKE befell;  
No age can this Disaster parallel;  
Imperious Death his cruell arrow flings,  
Into the palaces of mighty Kings,  
Transfixing sometime with impartiall hand  
The highest Nobles of a glorious Land.*

Re.

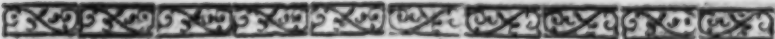


# A Funerall Elegy.

Remouing ouer-soone (as now of late)  
The very props and pillers of a State ;  
*A longer course of life he might haue runne,*  
*And to our Land might more good turnes haue done;*  
He might haue bin the ornament of Court,  
The subiect of farre honored report :  
*But though he be extinct, yet shall his name*  
*Be still preserued by long-liued Fame.*  
Though that faire Vertues worthy louers die,  
Their memories suruiue eternally.  
*Although Times stealing reuolutions passe,*  
*And eating Age consumes the strongest brasse :*  
Yet generous acts, and vertues of the minde  
An honourable fresh remembrance finde.

In





# A Funerall Elegy.

In all things he demean'd himselfe right well,  
And in Sobriety he did excell.

*By rule of Scripture he his deeds did square,*

*And to obserue the golden-meane tooke care*

All which, if that they can to glory raise,

And being knit in one, can merit praise

*In after-times, then iustly may I say,*

*No name is like to liue a longer day.*

The many houres vntill the day of doome

Will not his datelesse memory consume.

*He leaues a deatbles memory and fame,*

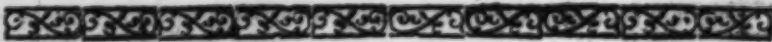
*To be an Honor to Aubigny's Name*

And Family, from whence he had descent,

Which by his Worth he made more eminent;

His





# A Funerall Elegy.

His corps return'd to earth from whence it came  
But from his acts doth rise his worthy fame.

*Immortall Prince ! whose name shall neuer dye ;  
But shall suruiue to all eternitie :*


How can the memory of such a spirit,  
Whose deeds of very Enuy got his merit,  
*Euer forgotten be ? whom to iust praise  
The worthy actions of his life did raise.*

All you the Worthies of our present dayes,  
Whose iudgment & experience knew his waies  
*Conuersed with his actions and intents,  
In private and in publike managements.*

To your true vnderstandings it is knowne,  
That he might claime all honors for his owne.

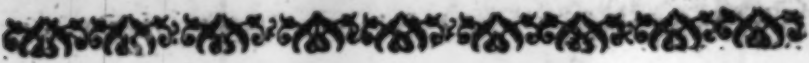
But





# A Funerall Elegy.

**B**Ut you thrice noble Princeſſe, late the Wife  
Of this braue *Hero* now depriu'd of life,  
*Who can preſcribe a bound vnto your moane,*  
*Now that your ſecond deareſt ſelfe is gone?*  
*Hee was the patterne of a perfect man,*  
*His ſingular endowments euer wan*  
*A generall liking, and a full applauſe*  
*For his vpright ſincerenes in each cauſe:*  
*How quickly doe all earthly ioyes decay,*  
*Forſaking their poſſeſſors; In a day,*  
*An houre, a minute, hard miſfortunes fall,*  
*Which from our mirth doe vnto mourning call!*  
O let your briniſh teares without all end  
From th'inexhausted fountaines ſtill deſcend.



# A Funerall Elegy.

No, no, it is more fit you should take ioy,  
Because he now is freed from worlds annoy,  
*If you will griene, that he on high is plac't,*  
*Then onely griene because he made such hast;*  
For why should Stags or Rauens liue so long?  
VVhy should not rather, that their age belong  
*Vnto a righteous Duke, whose length'ned yeares*  
*Might assist our necessities, and feares?*  
How bootlesse (rarest Lady) hath it bin,  
That you haue led a life deuoid of sin?  
*That you haue runne a pure and spotlesse race,*  
*Crown'd with all vertues, free from all disgrace?*  
Yet dare sterne Death vpon your Graces frowne,  
And hath your Mate & greatest ioy cast down.

Indeed





# A Funerall Elegy.

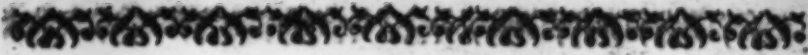
Indeed he beares a vniuersall sway,  
And doth in Courts the awlesse Tyrant play:  
*But sure your Husband did deserue to bee*  
*Plact in the highest skie; from thence to see*  
The deeds of wretched mortalls, being blest,  
And free from miseries which men molest,  
*Oh for new words that beare a sadder sound,*  
*Then euer were in any Language found,*  
Such scalding flouds from Sisters did distill,  
VVhen *foue* did Phaeton with thunder kill,  
*The Citie is deiected, and lookes sad,*  
*Nor are the Nobles in their purple clad:*  
Ah sauage Death hath ransacked that brest,  
VVhere a large treasury of wit did rest.



# A Funerall Elegy.

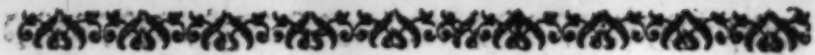
England lament thy losse of such a Peere,  
And France, thy Ebon Robes of sorrow weare :  
*But the praise-worthy actions he hath wrought,  
Till the worlds Fabrique be to Chaos brought,  
Shall liue perpetuall in each ages story,  
As the due Trophies of his matchlesse glory !  
O cruell Tyrant, how canst thou repaire  
This ruine ? though hereafter thou shouldst spare  
All mankind, breake thy Dart and Ebon spade,  
Thou canst not cure this wound w<sup>ch</sup> thou hast  
Achilles falls, and Hector he is slaine, (made ;  
When as base Peasants doe vntoucht remaine,  
Beams w<sup>ch</sup> shal break forth frō his hollow tombe  
Shall staine times past, & light the time to come :*

There



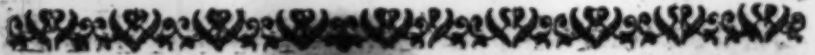
# A Funerall Elegy.

There is no man, though he before were glad,  
But when he thinks that we his *Hero* had,  
*And now have lost him, Though he be diuine*  
*Made by his death, yet will his eyes drop brine;*  
All men are sorry, all doe weepe their turne,  
All in their hearts, though not in habits mourne,  
*The generall land ore-whelmi'd in sorrow lies*  
*Exclayming on the cruell destinies,*  
VVhat accident false in a 1000. yeares, (teares?  
Hath frō his friends drawne forth more store of  
*Since the first man that in the world was borne,*  
*A fuller number was not knowne to mourne:*  
But for our selues, not him, let vs lament,  
Whose happines is growne our punishment.



# A Funerall Elegy.

Me thinks I see all Arts doe hang their head,  
Euen since the mournfull minute he was dead,  
*For he himselfe was Learnings Lampe, and lent  
Fauour to such as were to studie bent,*  
He to Religious Pastors was a shield,  
And vnto them encouragement did yield,  
*He was descended from illustrious blood,  
And by his nature he was truly good,*  
His enemies (if enemies he had)  
Cannot reprove him of ought that was bad,  
*From dying, all his vertues will him saue,*  
*He shall not haue an vnremembred Graue,*  
He had a Nestors wit, a gesture milde,  
A speach that all immodest Tones exile;



# A Funerall Elegy.

He was faire vertues follower, and did shun  
Each vicious action; he was as the Sun  
*Amidst the Planets, seeming so deuin'd,*  
*That all that were about him, he out-shin'd,*  
The Muses did forsake *Parnassus Well,*  
And chose, within his fluent braine to dwell;  
*Few able are to paralell such one,*  
*For whose losse England & faire France wil moane:*  
In th'Earths circumference you cannot finde,  
Scarce one to match the vertues of his minde:  
*The image of his worth; There is no other*  
*But th' Earle of March his owne religious brother,*  
He onely worthy is for to inherit  
His dignities and stile who hath his merit,

And

# A Funerall Elegy.

And is the Patterne of true courtesie,  
Both humble and repleat with maiestie;  
*May his proceedings from aboue be blest*  
*With fortunate successe and happy rest.*

And may his Dutches with their Princely Line  
All liue long, and in Sun-bright honour shine.

*For these my worthlesse lines, let it be said,*

*I hasted till I had this tribute paid*

Of my poore seruice; let the speed excuse

The zealous error of my suddaine Muse:

*Yet though his praise here beare so short a wing,*

*England hath Poets that his praise will sing*

In sweeter tunes, and that will make his Hearse

To be remembred, while men liue or verse.

FINIS

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